THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 29, 1803.

Intereſting Trial of John Hatfield at Cumberland Aſſizes for Forgery.

THIS trial came on at Carliſle, on the 15th of Auguſt, 1803, before Sir Alexander Thompſon, Knt. Three ſeveral indictments were preferred againſt the priſoner. The firſt charged him with aſſuming the name and title of the Hon. Alex. Aug. Hope, and pretending to be a member of parliament of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and with having, on or about the month of October laſt, under the ſame name and character, drawn a draft or bill of exchange, in the name of Alexander Hope, upon one John Crump, Eſq. for the ſum of 20l. payable to George Wood, of Keſwick, in the ſaid county, at the end of fourteen days from the date of the ſaid draft or bill of exchange. The ſecond indictment charged the priſoner with making, uttering, and publiſhing as true, a certain falſe, forged and counterfeit bill of exchange with the name of Alex. Aug. Hope falſely ſet and ſubſcribed, drawn upon John Crump, Eſq. dated October 1, 1802, and payable to N. M. Moore, Eſq. for 30l. ſterling. The third indictment charged the priſoner with having aſſumed the name of Alexander Hope, and pretending to be a member of parliament, and brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Hopetoun, and a colonel in the army, and under that fictitious character, at various times in the month of October laſt, forged and counterfeited the handwriting of the ſaid Alexander Hope, in the ſuperſcription of ſeveral letters or packets, in order to avoid payment of the duty of poſtage.

The priſoner pleaded not guilty to the charge.—The three ſeveral indictments being read, Mr. Scarlet opened the caſe in an addreſs to the jury, wherein he ſtated, at great length, the enormity of the crimes for which the priſoner ſtood indicted.

He obſerved, that the priſoner was qualified to act a conſpicuous part in ſociety, by the gentility of his manners, and by the extent of his information. He was ſorry to obſerve, that a man ſo qualified ſhould become ſuch a dangerous and ſuch a diſgraceful member of ſociety. It was well known, he ſaid, that the crimes ſingly, with which the priſoner was charged, met with the puniſhment of death; but here was an accumulation of guilt, which he truſted he ſhould be able to prove by a chain of evidence, which would challenge the ſtricteſt inveſtigation. The priſoner at the bar, he ſaid, had been long known to the world; the tranſactions he had engaged in intereſted many. He was extremely ſorry that the painful duty ſhould be his, to point out more particularly the flagitiouſneſs of his offences; but, however painful his ſenſations were, he truſted that neither his humanity nor that of the gentlemen of the jury, ſhould induce them for a moment to forget the important duty impoſed upon them. It became them, he ſaid, in their capacity, to wave all conſiderations as to the feelings of humanity, and conſider this queſtion as it materially affected the happineſs and welfare of ſociety. Mr. Scarlet then, with a great deal of moderation, drew an outline of the priſoner's conduct, from the time he became known to the world in the aſſumed character of Colonel Hope. He had, he ſaid, committed many crimes, under cover of the name of a moſt reſpectable gentleman, who belonged to a noble and ancient family. He came into this county to reſide in autumn laſt, in his own carriage, but unattended by any ſervant; this excited ſome degree of ſurpriſe among the inhabitants, but he cleared up this, by ſaying he had given his ſervant leave to go away from him, he being much terrified with the tremendous mountains of Keſwick and its neighbourhood. During his reſidence in this county, he partly lived at Keſwick, partly at Buttermere, where he amuſed himſelf with fiſhing, and other innocent diverſions: during this time his behaviour was always correct and proper; he was conſtant at public worſhip, and appeared in every reſpect with the manners and character of a gentleman. After reſiding ſome time in this neighbourhood, he cultivated the acquaintance of Mary Robinſon, of Buttermere, a charming and intereſting young woman, whom, after a ſhort courtſhip he married. About this period he cultivated the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, the chaplain of Loweſwater, to whom, after his departure from Keſwick, he addreſſed ſeveral letters, all franked with the name of A. A. Hope. From theſe letters it appeared that he departed from Buttermere with the intention of viſiting his eſtate and houſe in Scotland, which he called Caſtle Douglas, being about ſeven miles from Dumfries. It did not appear that this journey was ever accompliſhed, but that after ſome ſtay at Longtown, in this county, the parties returned to Keſwick, where the conduct of the priſoner became

ſubject

ſubject to ſome ſurmiſes. He was aſked by the chaplain of Loweſwater, if he was member of parliament for Haddingtonſhire or Linlithgowſhire? He ſaid he had been member for Linlithgowſhire, but now he was member for Dumfrieſshire. He complained much of the freedoms that were taken with his name, and in one of his letters he mentions his wiſh of correcting all the ſlanderous reports that had been circulated againſt him. Several paſſages of his letters were read by Mr. Scarlet; theſe conſiſted chiefly of letters written to the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, from Longtown; in one of theſe he deſcribes particularly an affecting ſermon he heard from the Rev. Mr. Graham, brother to Sir James Graham, Bart. of Nethenly, and in the ſame letter copied an inſcription from a tomb ſtone in Arthuret church-yard. In this letter he ſpeaks with great affection of his beloved Mary. Indeed it was allowed upon all hands that the priſoner conducted himſelf with ſingular propriety, and always made it a point to attend public worſhip. After his return to Keſwick, it ſeems Mr. Hardinge, who was on a tour to the lakes, and was previouſly acquainted with Colonel Hope, thought it proper to ſolicit an interview with the priſoner. Mr. Hardinge aſked him to dine with him; this the priſoner thought fit to refuſe; but he called upon Mr. Hardinge after dinner, when he ſupported the deceit with great plauſibility; but ſufficient doubts having ariſen in the mind of Mr. Hardinge, he thought proper to detain the priſoner's horſes. Thus circumſtanced, the priſoner complained heavily to the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, that he had done nothing contrary to the laws of his country; that if he had, "a hair would hold him." When he ſaw himſelf and his actions likely to become ſubject to public inveſtigation, he planned his eſcape; he told this to his friend Mr. Nicholſon, to whom he appears to have been much attached; that as he could not be allowed to go home to Buttermere with his own horſes, he ſhould fail acroſs the lakes, and go over the mountains to that place. Mr. Nicholſon accompanied him to the water ſide, and ſaw him into the boat: this was the laſt time the priſoner was ſeen in the neighbourhood of Keſwick. The priſoner landed at the head of the lake, and afterwards made his eſcape from the hands of juſtice. Gentlemen of the jury (ſaid Mr. Scarlet), after the ample detail which I have given you, I feel the moſt perfect confidence in your candour, juſtice, and integrity: painful as the taſk aſſigned me is, I feel an inward ſatisfaction while I thus diſcharge a duty which I owe to my country, and its liberties and laws. I ſhall now call evidence in ſupport of what I have advanced, and I reſt my claims of juſtice on your unbiaſſed verdict.

A gentleman whoſe name we did not diſtinctly hear, being called and ſworn, ſaid, he knew the priſoner at the bar by the name of Hatfield. He entered into the firm, in 1801, of "Den-

nis, Hatfield, and Co." ſaw the priſoner in April, 1802, when he left Taviſtock on pretence of tranſacting ſome of the company's concerns. The next time he ſaw him was in Brecknockſhire gaol, in December, 1802. The deponent ſwore poſitively to the hand-writing of the priſoner, both in the letters produced and in the bills of exchange.

. Rev. Mr. Nicholſon called.—He became acquainted with the priſoner on Sunday, September 12, 1802, on which day he attended the chapel of Loweſwater, of which the deponent is chaplain—was introduced to the priſoner by Mr. Skelton: ſoon after he underſtood him to be the Hon. Colonel Hope, brother to Lord Hopetoun; when aſked his name by deponent, he ſaid it was a comfortable one—*Hope*. He ſaid at the ſame time, that he would be no way averſe in telling his name, but did not like it to be enquired after by inquiſitive people. About a week previous to October 2, deponent accompanied the priſoner to Whitehaven, to procure a licence for his marriage to Mary Robinſon of Buttermere, who was ſpoken of by the priſoner as a *lovely girl*. Did not ſee any ſigns of intimacy previous to the marriage; the priſoner lived partly at Keſwick and partly at Buttermere; he had a handſome carriage, but no ſervant; after the marriage the parties ſet off for Scotland, and ſtaid ſome time at Longtown, during which time the priſoner wrote ſeveral letters to deponent, all franked by the name of "A. A. Hope:" in ſome of theſe he appears aware of the conſtruction that had been put upon his mode of life, and tells the chaplain of Loweſwater, that he would, on his return from Scotland, chaſtiſe all thoſe who circulated reports to his prejudice. On his return to Keſwick, George Hardinge, Eſq. one of the Welch judges, being then on a tour to the lakes, deſired to have an interview with the priſoner; aſked him ſeveral queſtions about his family, &c. &c. of his adventures in Egypt, where he ſaid he had been wounded; aſked him why he ſigned his name A. A. Hope, when Colonel Hope's name was only Alexander? Priſoner did not ſeem diſconcerted, but after the interview was over Mr. Hardinge ſent for a magiſtrate, and deſired to have the priſoner ſecured. Hatfield, when informed of this, ſaid, he had done nothing to offend the laws of his country—if he was conſcious of guilt, "a hair would hold him." Mr. Hardinge then deſired Mr. Wood, the innkeeper, to ſecure the priſoner's horſes: when the priſoner complained to the deponent, ſaying, that they would not let him have his horſes; he of courſe muſt go by a boat acroſs the lake, and ſo over the mountains to Buttermere; accompanied the priſoner to the water ſide. Remembers the tranſaction taking place for which the priſoner ſtands charged—ſaw him take a ſtamp out of his pocket, and draw a bill for 30l. on John Crump, for which he received caſh from Mr. G. Wood, innkeeper, in Keſwick.

Mr.

Mr. Nicholſon ſwore to his being the perſon who married the priſoner to Mary Robinſon, commonly called Mary of Buttermere, on the 2d of October, 1802: that after his marriage he was on terms of intimacy with the priſoner: that the priſoner made him his confidential friend, told him of various concerns that happened to his family; that he met the priſoner on a certain day between Loweſwater and Buttermere, when the priſoner told the deponent he had been much hurt with a converſation that had happened with the curate of Buttermere, wherein the curate had made free with his name—came with him after that from Buttermere to Keſwick, dined with the priſoner—was a witneſs to the converſation that paſſed between the priſoner and Mr. Hardinge. After this converſation, the priſoner thought proper to withdraw from the neighbourhood, under pretence of fiſhing upon the lakes. The deponent accompanied the priſoner to the water ſide; after this the deponent never ſaw the priſoner till at Carliſle. He made his eſcape over the hills of Borrowdale; previous to his departure he ordered dinner at the Queen's Head, in Keſwick, Mr. G. Wood's, at which houſe the above-mentioned converſation took place: the priſoner deſired the deponent to pay for the dinner at Wood's, which he did, and departed that evening from Keſwick to Buttermere, where he arrived at the houſe of Robinſon, about eleven o'clock.

Mr. Joſeph Skelton, of Rochliffe, Cumberland, ſaid, he poſſeſſes an eſtate at Loweſwater, where he occaſionally reſided. He there became acquainted with the priſoner, in September, 1802, who then lived at Buttermere, a few miles diſtant; ſuppoſed the priſoner to be Colonel Hope, brother to Lord Hopetoun; the firſt opportunity he had of knowing this was when in company with the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, at a public-houſe in the neighbourhood. The priſoner pulled a letter from his pocket, addreſſed "the Hon. Colonel Hope." On the 6th of September, 1802, the witneſs recollects walking with the priſoner to view an eſtate, which the priſoner propoſed to purchaſe. In the courſe of converſation the priſoner told him his reaſons why he appeared ſo ſhy of letting his name be known. He ſaid, it was merely to avoid ceremony; but he obſerved, as the witneſs was a gentleman, he might with propriety inform him that his name was Hope, that he was brother to Lord Hopetown, and a colonel in a regiment of dragoons, but requeſted the witneſs not to make public this information, which he obeyed, till he found his name through the country; has frequently heard the priſoner ſpeak of his eſtates in Herefordſhire; he had a cot at Caſtle Douglas, on the other ſide of Dumfries; has repeatedly heard him ſpeak of his campaign in Egypt, and ſhewed the wounds which he received, particularly one upon his chin, and another upon his finger.

Mr.

Mr. George Wood, of Keſwick, innkeeper, had ſeen the priſoner at his houſe frequently, with a Colonel Moore, and Mr. Crump, in the ſummer of 1802; he travelled in his own carriage, and paſſed for Colonel Hope; parcels came directed for him, "The Hon. A. A. Hope, M. P. Wood's Hotel, Keſwick." He knew the priſoner had drawn a bill of 30l. upon Mr. Crump, Liverpool, in favour of Colonel Moore, which bill was ſent, accepted, and paid; and Colonel Moore, on receiving the money, paid witneſs's bill upon the priſoner out of it. On 13th October, 1802, witneſs came in from his farm, and met the priſoner and the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon at breakfaſt, at witneſs's houſe, when the priſoner inquired if his bill upon Mr. Crump, in favour of Colonel Moore, had been paid, to which he anſwered in the affirmative. He then ſaid, Mr. Crump is my friend, my attorney, and my agent; I wiſh you to give me caſh for another bill upon him.

The witneſs agreed to accept the draft for 20l. did not ſee the priſoner draw the bill, but believes it was drawn in the parlour, in the preſence of the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon; knows the bill now produced to be the ſame as delivered to him by the priſoner. He ſpoke as to the meeting between the priſoner and Mr. Juſtice Hardinge; it took place at his houſe, in October laſt. [As the circumſtances of this meeting have been detailed in Mr. Nicholſon's evidence, it is unneceſſary to repeat it.] It was after this interview that he had advanced the money upon the draft, ſo he had no idea of the ſuſpicions entertained.

John Gregory Crump was at Graſmere the latter end of July, 1802; he met the priſoner there; he had no knowledge of him before that time; he heard his name to be Alexander Auguſtus Hope; did not know Colonel Hope perſonally, yet knew there was ſuch a perſon; he had frequent converſations with the priſoner reſpecting his family, but the latter wiſhed to travel *incog.* had much converſation with the priſoner reſpecting the object of his tour to the Lakes; priſoner ſpoke of his fortune, ſaid he had an eſtate near Stockport, and others; he did not hear the priſoner mention his having any eſtate in Scotland; witneſs left Graſmere, and returned to Liverpool; caſhed a bill for the priſoner at Liverpool for 30l. but had no connection with him before about buſineſs. On croſs-examination, the witneſs ſaid, priſoner mentioned a Mr. Newton, his attorney, who had recovered an eſtate for him. The priſoner adviſed witneſs to draw upon him.

Colonel Parke ſworn.—Witneſs is well acquainted with Colonel Hope; he is brother to the Earl of Hopetoun, a general in the army, and colonel of the 17th regiment of dragoons. He had been in Ireland about three years. He ſaid the priſoner at the bar is not Colonel Hope; he did not know whether the re-

giment was in Egypt or not.—Here the evidence for the profecution clofed.

The prifoner then addreffed himfelf to the jury. He faid he felt fome degree of fatisfaction in being able to have his fufferings terminated, as they muft of courfe be by their verdict. For the fpace of nine months he had been dragged from prifon to prifon, and torn from place to place, fubject to all the mifrepreſentations of calumny. "Whatever will be my fate," faid he, "I am content: it is the award of juſtice, impartially and virtuouſly adminiſtered. But I will ſolemnly declare, that in my tranſactions, I never intended to defraud or injure the perſons whoſe names have appeared in the proſecution. This I will maintain to the laſt of my life."

The priſoner called in his defence —— Newton, attorney at Cheſter, who was employed by the priſoner in the ſummer aſſizes in recovering an eſtate in the county of Kent. He underſtood the priſoner's father to be a reſpectable man; ſome of the family very opulent; believes the priſoner has a mother-in-law; ſays the priſoner is married; never knew him to bear any other name than John Hatfield; he married a lady of the name of Nation; his aſſignees have ſold the eſtate in queſtion; witneſs knows nothing of his circumſtances previous to the recovery of the eſtate; it was rented at one hundred pounds per annum; does not know why the priſoner quitted Devonſhire; did not then travel in his own carriage, but formerly kept a carriage.

After the evidence was gone through, his lordſhip, Sir A. Thompſon, with a great deal of perſpicuity and force, ſummed up the whole of the evidence, and commented upon ſuch parts as peculiarly affected the fate of the priſoner. "Nothing," his lordſhip ſaid, "could be more clearly proved than that the priſoner did make the bill or bills in queſtion under the aſſumed name of Alex. Auguſtus Hope, with an intention to defraud. That the priſoner uſed the additional name of Auguſtus was of no conſequence in this queſtion. The evidence proved clearly that the priſoner meant to repreſent himſelf to be another character; and under that aſſumed character, he drew the bills in queſtion. If any thing ſhould appear in mitigation of the offences with which the priſoner was charged, they muſt give them a full conſideration; and though his character had been long ſhaded with obloquy, yet they muſt not let this in the leaſt influence the verdict they were ſworn to give."

The jury conſulted about ten minutes, and then returned a verdict—Guilty of Forgery.

The trial laſted from eleven o'clock in the forenoon till ſeven in the evening, during the whole of which time the court was crowded to ſuffocation. Never, perhaps, did a cauſe come before a court and jury that excited ſo much intereſt. Ladies and gentlemen, within a diſtance of twenty miles round Carliſle,

crowded

crowded to the town, to gratify the curiosity which the story of poor Mary of Buttermere, and other circumstances connected with the history of the prisoner, had excited. The pressure was so great, and the heat so intolerable, as to render it almost impossible to take a note of the proceeding, or even to remain in court during the whole of the trial.

The prisoner is of a handsome and genteel person; and his behaviour in court was proper and dignified, and he supported his situation from first to last with unshaken fortitude. He has a handsome face, blue eyes, and fair complexion; the shape of his face has been oval, but that and his person are considerably altered from the progress of years. His age seems to be about forty-five. After the verdict of the jury was given, he discovered no relaxation from his accustomed demeanour. The croud was immense; he was allowed to have a post-chaise from the town-hall to the gaol.

At eight o'clock next morning (Tuesday) the court met, when John Hatfield, the prisoner, appeared at the bar, to receive his sentence. Numbers of people gathered, to witness the performance of this painful duty.

After proceeding in the usual form, the judge addressed the prisoner in the following impressive terms:

"John Hatfield—After a long and serious investigation of the charges which have been preferred against you, you have been found guilty by a jury of your country. You have been distinguished for crimes of such magnitude as have seldom, if ever, received any mitigation of capital punishment, and in your case it is impossible it can be remitted. Assuming the person, name, and character of a worthy and respectable officer, of a noble family in this country, you have perpetrated and committed the most enormous crimes. The long imprisonment which you have undergone, has afforded time for your serious reflection, and an opportunity of your being deeply impressed with a sense of the enormity of your guilt, and the justice of that sentence which must be inflicted upon you; I wish you to be seriously impressed with the awfulness of your situation, and to reflect with anxious care and deep concern on your approaching end, concerning which much remains to be done; lay aside now your delusion and imposition, and employ properly the short space of time you have to live. I beseech you to employ the remaining part of your time for eternity, that you may find mercy at the hour of death, and in the day of judgement. Hear now the sentence of the law."

His lordship then pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoner in the usual form.

The prisoner heard it with firmness, bowed respectfully, and was taken away from the dock, and thence to the gaol.

Copy of Letters from Mr. Hatfield, under the Name of Colonel Hope, to the Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, alluded to in Mr. Scarlet's Speech.

Longtown, Monday Evening, 4th October.

VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

We arrived here on Saturday evening about eight, went to the church on Sunday, and Mr. Graham, the brother of Sir James, gave one of the fineſt lectures I ever heard. We attended his evening diſcourſe, at the end of which he addreſſed me, begging I would not return to my quarters without a light, and his footman ſtood ready with one. All this flurried my dear Mary a little, but nothing can be more pleaſing than the manner ſhe at all times poſſeſſes. To-morrow evening we may perhaps proceed further; but Mrs. Hope likes the quietude of this place much, and her wiſhes are my laws. In the churchyard we found the following inſcription, which I copied on purpoſe to ſend you, thinking it may amuſe ſome of our friends; pray read it to Dr. Head, and preſent him my beſt reſpects:

" Our life is but a winter's day;
" Some only breakfaſt and away.
" Others, to dinner ſtay, and are full fed;
" The oldeſt man but ſups and goes to bed.
" Large is his debt, who lingers out the day;
" Who goes the ſooneſt has the leaſt to pay."

Be pleaſed to ſay for us both, whatever you think will be acceptable to thoſe, who, from kind motives, may enquire after us; and at Buttermere, Mary deſires you will tender to father and mother the moſt affectionate duty, and the moſt lively aſſurances of our mutual happineſs.

I find happineſs is not very loquacious, ſo this will be a ſhort letter; let us have a long one as ſoon as poſſible, addreſſed for Colonel Hope, M. P. poſt-office, Longtown, Cumberland, and you will greatly oblige,

Very dear and Rev. Sir,
Your's, moſt truly,
A. HOPE.

Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, Loweſwater, near Cockermouth. Free. A. Hope.

Another Letter, from the ſame to the ſame, dated Sunday Night, 10th October, 1802.

VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Anxious that my dear Mary might hear from her parents as ſoon as poſſible, we returned from Scotland to this town on Friday

day evening, and ſhall moſt probably proceed for Carliſle to-morrow; indeed your letter received this afternoon makes me very deſirous of returning to Buttermere, that I may properly anſwer all ſuch perſons as aſſume the privilege of cenſuring my conduct, and are mean enough to diſturb the peace of our parents.

We are, thank God! very well, and happy as our friends can wiſh us. The colonel has given himſelf much unneceſſary trouble, and I am ſorry for it, becauſe in this he will be ſorry too. I wrote to him on Wedneſday laſt, and this day find his hand-writing on the ſuperſcription of a letter, forwarded to me from Keſwick. If I had ever expreſſed to him any affection for Miſs D. except ſuch as you have witneſſed; if I had ever, ever dropped a word on the ſubject to him, he might have had ſome plea for complaint. But God knows, and he knows, I never did. He has my free leave to write to all the world, if he finds any pleaſure in ſuch proceedings; but no perſon, who really knows me, will believe that Miſs D. has been deceived by me.

I wiſh I could be certain where this will reach you; but fearing it may not be at Cockermouth ſoon enough for you to get it by the market people on the morrow, it is not in my power to ſay where or when we can meet previous to my arrival at Buttermere, which will very probably be before the middle of this week.

Be pleaſed to preſent my beſt reſpects to Mrs. and Miſs Wood. I will remember with permanent gratitude their goodneſs on this occaſion; and amidſt the ſtrange viciſſitudes of this very eventful life, perhaps I may be bleſſed with ſome opportunities of ſhewing how truly ſenſible I am of every kindneſs due to me on this occaſion.

With the trueſt reſpect, eſteem, and gratitude to my well wiſhers, I am,

Very dear and Rev. Sir,
Your's ever,

A. HOPE.

Love and duty attend thoſe to whom they are due; and I beg you will tell them not to make any preparations for our return, for I ſhall have to move about almoſt as ſoon as I arrive, and my Mary will love quietneſs.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 149.)

SOCIETIES of orangemen took their firſt riſe in the county of Armagh, where a mortal feud, originating, as it is ſaid, from

from a private quarrel, had ſubſiſted ſince the year 1785, between the loweſt claſs of the preſbyterians and romaniſts. The former, denominated *peep-of-day boys*, from their appearing aſſembled in bands frequently about the dawn, having gained the ſuperiority; the latter aſſociated under the title of defenders, and ſeem to have been regularly organized in the year 1789. Among the outrages perpetrated by theſe romaniſts was the aſſaſſination of a family of the name of Barclay, at a place called Forkhill, in the above-mentioned county, in the year 1791. The maſter of the family who had been appointed to preſide over a newly endowed proteſtant ſchool, his wife, and his brother-in-law, the two latter of whom died of their wounds, were maimed in a horrid manner; the firſt by the amputation of his fingers and a part of his tongue; the ſecond, a beautiful young woman, by the amputation of her breaſts, her tongue, and the calves of her legs; and the third by a ſimilar mutilation. For ſelf preſervation againſt this religious confederacy, which had ſpread itſelf widely through the neighbouring counties, the proteſtants of the county of Armagh began at length, in the latter part of the year 1795, to form aſſociations under the denomination of orangemen, a denomination derived from King William the Third, Prince of Orange, who had reſcued the proteſtants of Ireland by his arms, and given them that aſcendancy which they have ſince maintained. After the loſs of many lives on both ſides in the conteſt, the orangemen obtained a decided ſuperiority, and, as muſt be expected, the lower ſort abuſed their victory, expelling from their houſes and lands great numbers of the oppoſite party, who generally took refuge in Connaught. This political aſſociation of proteſtants was diffuſed in 1797, into the county of Monaghan, other parts of Ulſter, ſome towns in Leinſter, and particularly the metropolis, where it became general in the beginning of the following year, Many men of conſiderable rank had now entered into this confederate body, the object of which was, in a printed publication, declared to be the preſervation of public order, of the exiſting ſyſtem of government, and the protection of all perſons who conducted themſelves with loyalty, without regard to differences of religion. They made the moſt ſolemn proteſtation, that to injure any perſon on account of his religious opinion never entered their hearts. But ſo ſucceſsful were the agents of revolt in their endeavours to counteract this proteſtation, that it gained no credit with the lower claſſes of the romaniſts.

As from the exorbitant rents at which the lands of Ireland are in general ſet, on account of the great monopolies of land, entails, ſettlements, and bad cuſtoms, the payment of tithes, which are ſo unfortunately modified as to reſt their weight almoſt excluſively on tillage, appears to the cottager (exhauſted

by the demands of his landlord and the ſervices and douceurs exacted by his landlord's agent), an almoſt intolerable grievance, the agitators of revolution ſpoke moſt forcibly to the feelings of the peaſantry on that ſubject, particularly in the counties of Cork and Waterford, where the diſcontent on this account is greateſt, repreſenting the eſtabliſhment of a commonwealth to include, by neceſſary conſequence, the total abolition of this hated ſpecies of rent.

As the emiſſaries of the union intereſted the feelings of the peaſantry with reſpect to tithes, ſo alſo they endeavoured to prejudice the opinions of the laity in general againſt the hierarchy, and other parts of the eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. They repreſented that, while the revenues of the Iriſh prelates amounted collectively to above eighty thouſand pounds a year, beſides large ſums levied as fines on the leaſes of their lands; and while the revenues of chapters and parochial clergy amounted to above ſeven hundred thouſand pounds annually, the vaſt expences of this eſtabliſhment were uſeleſs for the purpoſes of religion, or the encouragement or ſupport of literature; ſince preferments were given ſolely from temporal or political motives, without regard to moral character or literary merit; and ſince the religious offices of the church were performed for about ſixty thouſand pounds a year, by a number of curates who laboured in penury and conſequent contempt, for ſalaries which, compared to the revenues of the prelates, demonſtrated a ſcandalous inequality, inverſely proportionate to the utility of their employments.

Such were the effects of the various engines of the union, that before the end of the year 1797, the peaſantry in the middle and ſouthern counties of Ireland were generally ſworn into the conſpiracy, and preparing for inſurrection. When the liberty of publication in the newſpapers was, by new acts of parliament, ſo narrowly circumſcribed as no longer to admit United Iriſhmen to avail themſelves of this moſt valuable channel of communication, hand-bills were privately printed and diſperſed for the conveyance of inſtructions and exhortations. By this and the oral modes of communication, inſtructions were conveyed through the whole body of the aſſociation to abſtain from ſpirituous liquors, that the national conſumption thereof might be diminiſhed, and conſequently the revenue and ſtrength of government, ariſing from that great ſubject of exciſe.

The leaders of the union might alſo have in view the advantages of ſobriety in its members for the promotion of its ends; as without it neither the ſecrets entruſted to the lower claſſes could be ſuppoſed ſo ſecure, nor their co-operation ſo regular and effectual when an order ſhould be iſſued to take arms. This inſtruction was obeyed ſo well, that a ſtriking change was quickly perceived in the generality of the common people

people from drunkenneſs to ſobriety—a change which, for my part, I at firſt attributed to another cauſe, the fear of expoſing themſelves to the danger of arreſt by the king's troops, who had orders to ſtop all perſons after a certain hour of the night.

Another inſtruction given with a deſign to embarraſs government, with reſpect to the public revenue, could be attended with no ſuch good influence. This was a caution againſt the purchaſe of the quit rents of the crown, which were to be ſold for the raiſing of ſupplies, and againſt the acceptance of bank-notes, or paper-money, in place of coin, in pecuniary dealings. With this deſign were diſtributed hand-bills, contrived for the depreciation of government ſecurities in general.

Hand-bills alſo were employed to aſſiſt the emiſſaries in attempts to ſeduce the army—attempts which had commenced ſo early as the year 1792, but which were, by the active circumſpection of government, particularly that moſt wiſe meaſure of augmenting the pay of the military, rendered abortive.

While every engine of internal oppoſition againſt government was put in motion, the Iriſh directory maintained a conſtant intercourſe with the French, whoſe aid for the accompliſhment of the revolution was earneſtly ſolicited. After ſeveral more early communications between the leading members of the union and thoſe of the French government, by the medium of ſome Iriſh fugitives at Paris, a formal intimation in 1796, as I have already mentioned, was given by one of thoſe fugitives, ſuppoſed to be Theobald Wolfe Tone, that, on a repreſentation of the ſtate of affairs, the French directory had come to a reſolution to ſend a force into Ireland, for the purpoſe of co-operating with that of the conſpirators. Acquieſcing in this propoſal, after an extraordinary meeting for its conſideration, the chiefs of the conſpiracy ſent with this advice a meſſenger, ſaid to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who, accompanied by Arthur O'Connor, went by Hamburgh to Switzerland, where, near the French frontier, he met Hoche, the French general, and is thought to have there concerted with him the plan of operation. In the October of the ſame year an accredited agent arrived in Ireland from France, announcing the deſign of invaſion with an army of fifteen thouſand men, which was attempted near the end of the following December, in the abortive expedition to the Bay of Bantry. To ſolicit the aſſiſtance of another armament from France, which had been expected after the failure of the firſt, a confidential agent, named Lewins was deputed, who, leaving London in March, 1797, and paſſing through Hamburgh, arrived about the end of May in Paris, where he afterwards remained as the ambaſſador of the Iriſh union to the French directory.

From a fear that a premature inſurrection, unaided from abroad, the ſuppreſſion of which might ruin their ſcheme, ſhould

be forced by the vigorous meaſures, already related, adopted by government in the province of Ulſter—a moſt confidential member of the directory, Doctor William James M'Nevin, who had acted as the ſecretary of this ruling committee, was, at the end of June, in the ſame year, ſent with orders to preſs the French government, with redoubled earneſtneſs, for immediate aid. Meeting at Hamburgh with an agent of the French republic, and finding ſome difficulty in the procuring of a paſſport, M'Nevin tranſmitted a memorial by this agent to Paris, where he himſelf afterwards delivered a ſecond, having obtained permiſſion to proceed on his journey. In the former of theſe memoirs were made a ſtatement of the condition of the United Iriſh, and of the kingdom in general, for the reception of the French auxiliaries; a promiſe of reimburſement to the French government of its expences in the emancipation of Ireland, and a demand of a body of troops not exceeding ten thouſand men, nor falling ſhort of five thouſand, with artillery, ammunition, and arms for the ſupply of the inſurgents. In the latter was adduced every argument which the writer conceived, for the haſtening of the expedition. A requeſt, which entirely failed, was alſo made by the Iriſh negociators, of a loan of half a million, or at leaſt three hundred thouſand pounds, from France and Spain, ſucceſſively, on the ſecurity of the eccleſiaſtical and other lands deſtined for confiſcation by the revolutioniſts. The aſſiſtance, however, of a military force was conceded, and an army much greater than had been requeſted, conſiſting of fifteen thouſand men, was embarked for this purpoſe in a Dutch fleet at the Texel, under the command of General Daendells; but the fear of the Britiſh navy, ſuperior in ſtrength, occaſioned a ſudden debarkation of theſe troops; and when, contrary to the judgment of its admiral, this armament was obliged to ſail, at the inſtance of the French directory, it was totally defeated on the 11th of October, 1797, by a ſquadron of Britiſh veſſels under the command of Lord Viſcount Duncan.

(To be continued.)

The MARGATE HOY.

[From Keate's Sketches from Nature.]

I Wiſh from my heart I had given it the gentleman thought I! as a perſon who ſat next to me at Langford's, was chaffering for a book which he wiſhed for, in a lot of ſeveral I had juſt bought, for whilſt he was peſtering me about proportioning the purchaſe money, I attentively miſſed another lot that ſoon followed, which was a very ſcarce Spaniſh romance I had long been in queſt of, and had come purpoſely to buy; which was

ſnapped

ſnapped up by a book-fancier, merely on account of its ſcarcity, for he knew not a word of the language it was wrote in.

I am at this inſtant almoſt in the ſame ſituation; for while I have been capitulating with the reader, or as the law would term it, ſettling articles of agreement with him, here is the Devil and all to do in Margate; half a dozen men tied up in ſacks, and hopping for a pig, three jack-aſſes running for a Cheſhire cheeſe, and a ſmock-race on the ſands, and all the world there, whilſt the prize, decorated with ribbands, is carried in proceſſion on a pole, like a popiſh relic. Every circumſtance of life is proportionate: the golden pippin on Mount Ida did not more agitate the three celeſtial competitors, than this little object did our three terreſtial ones here. Happy ſhe who conquers! as the laſs with a ſhift to her back, ſtands a far better chance for preferment, than ſhe who has none. And ſee the victreſs has it ſlipped over her running dreſs, and marches off triumphant, with a drum before her, and a mob at her heels!

But this is not half the buſtle; for two hoys are juſt arrived from London, their decks covered with new comers, and all Margate running down to the pier-head to ſee them land. I doubt whether I am ſtout enough to run too, but I will be amongſt them as faſt as I can walk. If I lean over this rail, I ſhall ſee them all come aſhore.

Mercy on me! I think the whole city of London is aboard of ſhip! ſix! eight! ten! twenty! thirty! fifty! ſeventy! I can never go on reckoning at this rate. What! are all the ſhops ſhut up?

Or have you been all *bit*, good people?

Or are you come here to be *bit*? The wind has been dreadfully againſt you the whole way!

Why, as faſt as the boats fill, the deck is covered again and with new faces that riſe out of the hold! There is no end of it! I will poſitively count no more. Nay, ladies, you need not ſay how ſick you have been, your looks will vouch for you. A tedious paſſage, high ſea, all the pumps continually going, and no room to ſtir, even to the ſhip's ſide, on neceſſary calls, it is monſtrouſly inconvenient! but it is *a party of pleaſure*, and that is enough.

Ah! What is your worſhip come down too? and Madam? and little Miſs? pray take care how you get up the ſteps. All for the water, I ſuppoſe? Bleſs me, and I ſee yonder your thrifty neighbour the common-council man on the deck; he has made the voyage, I perceive, in his night cap, and is now pulling his wig from his great coat pocket, in order to effect a decent landing.

Give that fat lady, in the *Brunſwick*, your arm, my lad; don't you ſee how lame ſhe is! poor ſoul! ſcarce a leg to ſtand on. If the ſea can ſet her upright, it muſt work a miracle!

Conſidering

Conſidering the freight, and the live ſtock, theſe veſſels have brought down, I am in aſtoniſhment where they could ſtow ſo many odd bundles, and bandboxes beſides. Why there is two at leaſt to every paſſenger, filled, no doubt, with all the neweſt-faſhioned curls, pompoons, caps, and apologies for caps. We ſhall certainly have a general review of them at Mitchener's next ball, and the heads they belong to, and the people who own the heads.

But now all the world is ſcampering another way after two coaches and four, and three poſt-chaiſes; butchers, bakers, hair-dreſſers, and milliners, running in a cloud of duſt at their ſide; and all the bathers elbowing each other, and contending for the honour of ducking the company who are in them.

The more the merrier, if you can but find beds to creep into. Well, it is a mighty pleaſant thing to be on one's travels, and nothing ſo faſhionable, for, ſick or well, nobody ſtays at home.

I am glad, however, that I have got the ſtart of ſome of you, and am not juſt now ſetting out on mine.

CHINESE ALMANACK.

ACCORDING to the almanack of the court of Pekin, lately received in Europe, it is proved that the name of the preſent emperor of China is not Tai-houſing, but Kia King, and with the family *prænomen*, as it is found in the ſame almanack, Ta-ſing Kia King. The firſt of theſe names, Kia is common to him with Kia-ſing the twelfth emperor of the preceding dynaſty; the ſecond king is the ſame as the firſt of the King-yuen's the fourth emperor of the South Sungs. Kia-King is the fifteenth ſon of Kien-lung, who abdicated the ſceptre in 1796, at the age of eighty-ſix years, after having reigned ſixty years and ſome months. Nevertheleſs, although the acts of government have paſſed ever ſince that epoch under the name of the new emperor, his father, who thenceforward was named Tai-chang horng-ti, or, the ſupreme and ſublime emperor, regulated, at pleaſure, all the affairs of ſtate till his death, which happened on the third day of the firſt moon of the fourth year of the reign of Kia-King, or the 6th of February, 1799, at the age of eighty-nine years. The reign of the preſent emperor commences, according to the aforeſaid almanack, from the firſt moon of the ſixty-third year of the ſeventy-fifth cycle; which correſponds with the month of February, in the year 1796, of the Chriſtian æra; ſo that this monarch will enter the eighth year of his reign in the moon of the month of February, in the preſent year. The Chineſe year, which commences in the month of February in this year, is the ſixtieth or laſt of the preſent cycle. This cycle of ſixty years is the ſeventy-fifth from the reign of Hoang-ti, that is to ſay, 4500 years ago; ſo that the next year in the month of February will begin a new cycle, which will be the ſeventy-ſixth.

ACCOUNT *of the* WATCHMAN's NOCTUARY.

THE marquis of Exeter has had two of theſe machines made by Meſſrs. Boulton and Watt. They go eight days, and have a face like a clock, but do not ſtrike. The dial goes round, and the hour-finger is fixed; on the edge of the dial are moveable iron pins, correſponding with the quarters in each hour. A ſmall hammer placed behind the hour-finger, when moved downwards, puſhes into the dial one of the pins which happen to be under it at the time, which remains ſo abaſed until the dial nearly returns to the ſame place, when by an encloſed plane the pin is raiſed up into its firſt poſition. This gives time to have the machine examined in the morning, to ſee how many pins have been ſtruck, and at what time they were puſhed downwards. The hammer is moved by pulling a chain with a handle, like houſe-door bells, which by cranks and wires is attached to it. His lordſhip employs two watchmen every night, and they go round every half hour.

CURIOUS BITUMINOUS WOOD.

IN a plain, in the diſtrict of Caſtel Nuovo, on the confines of the Italian republic, a vaſt quantity of bituminous wood has lately been diſcovered. It is ſituated in a ſoil formed of argillaceous and calcareous ſtrata of greater or leſs depth, and very irregular through their whole extent. The nature of the foſſil as well as the diſpoſition of the ſoil, prove that theſe ſtrata muſt have been formed by ſome great convulſion, which deſtroyed and overwhelmed whole foreſts. In ſome places this wood is ſcarcely covered by the ſoil, and ſtill preſerves its original form.

It is not ſo brittle as coal, and if ſawed perpendicularly to the axis of the trunks it preſents a ſolid and ſmooth ſurface. It takes fire readily, without the aid of other combuſtibles, and gives a bright clear flame whilſt burning. The heat it produces is more powerful and ſteady than that of any other vegetable charcoal; and when once lighted it never goes out till entirely conſumed, and leaves but a ſmall quantity of aſhes. It poſſeſſes this ſingular property, that it is capable of being employed for turnery work with the greateſt facility, and that it thereby acquires a poliſh and brightneſs which render it far ſuperior to ebony. It is a good conductor of electricity.

A QUESTION, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

REQUIRED the weight of an iron ſhot whoſe diameter is 14 inches.

Anſwer, by J. Tremlett, of Exeter, to W. Row's Rebus, inſerted July 4.

LONG may BRAVE Nelſon on the Britiſh main
Search for our foes—may he not ſearch in vain!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Orlando, of Exeter; and T. Adey, of Poole.

Anſwer, by T. Coumbe, of St. German's, to S. L. Margary's Charade, inſerted July 11.

SHELL-FISH are ſurely what you mean
They're on the table often ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Tremlet, Orlando, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; W. Row, of Wellington; and B. Fiander, of Melbury Oſmond.

A REBUS, *by W. Row, of Wellington.*

A Conſonant, ye gents. ſelect;
A near relation then detect;
Laſtly to make this rebus clear,
A prepoſition make appear:
When theſe are join'd you'll plainly ſee,
A town of great celebrity.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

DOWN in yonder roſe-clad bowers,
Where the gentle zephyrs ſtray,
There among the blooming flowers,
I am happy, blithe, and gay.

Midſt the warblers ſweetly ſinging,
From each fragrant bloſſom'd ſpray,
While the echo vallies ringing,
Loud repeats the melody.

If thro' verdant meads you ramble,
In a ſummer's evening clear,
There you ſee me merry gambol,
And my cry diſtinctly hear.

But ere blaſts of bleak November
Blow with rage along the ſky,
All my joys I muſt ſurrender,
And in anguiſh pine and die.

☞ *Our correſpondent who ſent us two ſonnets will judge whether the inſertion of them would do him credit or not. He thus deſcribes his miſtreſs:*

" Thy eyes like two planets *doth* twinkle with love,
" And *moves* in their orbits around;
" Grac'd with beauty tranſcendent, with fire from above,
" *And every other ſweet ſound.*

" So eaſy thy ſtep, ſo ſlender thy form,
" So dignified every *glance*,
" Thou fill'ſt the ſoul with *every thing warm*,
" With virtue and *be-ne-vo-lance*."

POETRY.

On the RENEWAL *of* WAR.

HARK! the battle's mingled hum
Echoes from the Gallic ſhore;
Sounds the "ſpirit-ſtirring drum,"
Neighing ſteed, and cannon's roar?

Lo! what tempeſts gather round,
Black, and big with England's fate!
England! rouſe thee at the ſound;
Lo the Gaul is at the gate!

Ere the ſhaft of war be ſped,
Meet it, and prevent the blow:
Pow'rs of Europe, lend your aid
To deſtroy the common foe.

By the feſtering heaps that lie
Stretch'd on Hohenlinden's plain,
Haſte to join thine old ally,
Auſtria, be thyſelf again.

By the ghoſts of thoſe that bled
On Marengo's fatal day,
Auſtria riſe, revenge the dead!
Auſtria, wipe thy ſhame away!

Is Italia's ſun of glory
Set; and ſhall it riſe no more?
Romans, think of your proud ſtory;
Emulate the deeds of yore.

See your temples by the foe
Plunder'd, nodding to their fall:
Red with blood your rivers flow:
Deſolation covers all.

Sons of Othman's ancient line
Lift your creſcents in the air:
Arabs, Copts, your ſquadrons join;
Swell the glittering ranks of war!

See the bones of Jaffa's ſlain
Heap'd and bleaching to the ſky:
Sidney's proweſs ſhall again
Guide your arms to victory.

Think, Batavians, how your ſires
Once their chains of bondage broke;
Rouſe, O rouſe your ancient fires,
And ſhake off a heavier yoke.

Humbled Spain, where is thy pride?
Canſt thou bend the vaſſal-knee?
See the nations all deride
Thy peerage and thy chivalry.

Ruſs, and thou his neighbour king,
Flouriſh high your flaming brand,
Each his duſky-eagles bring
To pounce upon the guilty land.

Hear an exil'd monarch groan—
(Lift your waving banners high)
Hurl a tyrant from his throne,
And ſuccour fallen majeſty.

Nations—Britain leads ye on—
Each to join the liſts prepare:
Rouſe ye, ere the fight be done—
Hurry, hurry to the war!

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ODE *to* ECHO.

RECLINING on ſome verdant ſeat
Near, charming echo, thy retreat,
What time the ſun, in golden veſt,
Sinks ſlowly down the purple weſt,
I love to view eve's dewy hand.
Beſtrew her roſes o'er the fertile land.

Where Keyham's banks, array'd in green,
Enrich Devonia's woodland ſcene,
And in the ſilver lake below,
In fair reflection's mirror glow
I've heard thee, watchful nymph, prolong
With mellow notes the evening warbler's ſong.

And oft along the mazy dell,
Where peace and meditation dwell,
I've led the darling of my heart
(A beauteous maid unknown to art)
To hear thee, in the vales around,
Repeat full ſoft my lute's melodious ſound.

But ſweeter ſtill doſt thou appear,
When Anna's voice, to mem'ry dear,
Awakes thee from thy bland repoſe,
As from her lip each accent flows,
Divinely murm'ring o'er the plain,
To fancy's ear, ſome tuneful ſeraph's ſtrain.

And oft, coy nymph, at cloſe of day,
Around thy myſtic cell I'll ſtray,
To fan my boſom's ardent flame,
And teach thee charming Anna's name,
As wand'ring flow, the vales among,
The joys of love inſpire my artleſs ſong.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

THE

THE CAST-AWAY.

[Founded upon an Anecdote in Anſon's Voyage.]

By WILLIAM COWPER, *Eſq.*

OBSCUREST night involv'd the ſky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When ſuch a deſtin'd wretch as I,
Waſh'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all, bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boaſt
Than he with whom we went,
Nor ever ſhip left Albion's coaſt
With warmer wiſhes ſent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her, again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to ſwim, he lay,
Nor ſoon he felt his ſtrength decline,
Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a laſting ſtrife,
Supported by the hope of life.

He ſhouted: nor his friends had fail'd
To check the veſſel's courſe,
But ſo the furious blaſt prevail'd
That, pitileſs perforce,
They left their out-caſt mate behind,
And ſcudded ſtill before the wind.

Some ſuccour yet they could afford,
And, ſuch as ſtorms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to beſtow.
But he, they knew, nor ſhip, nor ſhore,
Whate'er they gave, ſhould viſit more.

Nor, cruel as it ſeem'd, could he
Their haſte himſelf condemn;
Aware that flight, in ſuch a ſea,
Alone could reſcue them;
Yet bitter felt it ſtill to die
Deſerted, and his friends ſo nigh.

He long ſurvives, who lives an hour
In ocean, ſelf-upheld:
And ſo long he, with unſpent pow'r,
His deſtiny repell'd;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cry'd "Adieu!"

At length, his tranſient reſpite paſt,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in ev'ry blaſt,
Could catch the ſound no more.
For then, by toil ſubdu'd, he drank
The chilling wave, and then he ſank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative ſincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age
Is wet with Anſon's tear.

And tears by bards or heroes ſhed,
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpoſe not, or dream,
Deſcanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date;
But miſery ſtill delights to trace
Its ſemblance in another's caſe.

No voice divine the ſtorm allay'd,
No light propitious ſhone,
When, ſnatch'd from all effectual aid,
We periſh'd, each alone;
But I, beneath a rougher ſea,
And 'whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he.

The HOUR *of* LOVE.

WHEN the fair one, and the dear one,
Her lover by her ſide,
Strays or ſits, as fancy flits,
Where yellow ſtreamlets glide,
Gleams illuming, flowers perfuming,
Where'er her footſteps rove,
Time beguiling with her ſmiling—
O that's the hour of love.

Should the fair one, and the dear one,
The ſigh of pity lend,
For human woe, that preſſes low,
A ſtranger or a friend!
Tears deſcending, ſweetly blending
As down her cheek they rove,
Beauty's charms in pity's arms,
O that's the hour of love!

When the fair one, and the dear one,
Appears in morning dreams,
In flowing veſt, by fancy dreſt,
And all the angel beams,
The heavenly mien, and look ſerene,
Confeſs her from above;
While riſing ſighs, and dewy eyes,
Say, that's the hour of love.

TO HOPE.

AH, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and ſorrow:
Yet ſtill, ſweet hope, I hear thee ſay
"Be calm, thine ills will end to-
"morrow."

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm diſeaſe or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to ſee,
Sweet hope, thy promiſes deceiving?

Yet, falſe and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear deluſions will I cheriſh:
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since I, alas! with thee muſt periſh.